

King Latinus to the Spectator, Greeting.

‘ T H O’ some may think we descend from our Imperial Dignity, in holding Correspondence with a private *Litterato*; yet as we have great Respect to all good Intentions for our Service, we do not esteem it beneath us to return you our Royal Thanks for what you published in our Behalf, while under Confinement in the enchanted Castle of the *Savoy*, and for your Mention of a Subsidy for a Prince in Misfortune. This your timely Zeal has inclined the Hearts of divers to be aiding unto us, if we could propose the Means. We have taken their Good-will into Consideration, and have contrived a Method which will be easy to those who shall give the Aid; and not unacceptable to us who receive it. A Consort of Musick shall be prepared at *Haberdashers-Hall* for *Wednesday* the Second of *May*, and we will honour the said Entertainment with our own Presence, where each Person shall be assessed but at two Shillings and six Pence. What we expect from you is, that you publish these our Royal Intentions, with Injunction that they be read at all Tea-Tables within the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*; and so we bid you heartily Farewell.

Latinus, King of the Volscians.

Given at our Court in Vinegar-Yard, Story the Third from the Earth. April 28, 1711.

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N^o 54. *Wednesday, May 2.*

— *Strenua nos exercet inertia.*

Hor.

THE following Letter being the first that I have received from the learned University of *Cambridge*, I could not but do my self the Honour of publishing it. It gives an Account of a new Sect of Philosophers which

which has arose in that famous Residence of Learning; and is, perhaps, the only Sect this Age is likely to produce.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Cambridge, April 26.

BELIEVING you to be an universal Encourager of liberal Arts and Sciences, and glad of any Information from the learned World, I thought an Account of a Sect of Philosophers very frequent among us, but not taken notice of, as far as I can remember, by any Writers either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The Philosophers of this Sect are in the Language of our University called *Loungers*. I am of Opinion, that, as in many other things, so likewise in this, the Ancients have been defective; viz. in mentioning no Philosophers of this Sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripateticks, because we see them continually walking about. But I would have these Gentlemen consider, that tho' the ancient Peripateticks walked much, yet they wrote much also; (witness, to the Sorrow of this Sect, *Aristotle* and others:) Whereas it is notorious that most of our Professors never lay out a Farthing either in Pen, Ink, or Paper. Others are for deriving them from *Diogenes*, because several of the leading Men of the Sect have a great deal of the cynical Humour in them, and delight much in Sun-shine. But then again, *Diogenes* was content to have his constant Habitation in a narrow Tub, whilst our Philosophers are so far from being of his Opinion, that it's Death to them to be confined within the Limits of a good handsom convenient Chamber but for half an Hour. Others there are, who from the Clearness of their Heads deduce the Pedigree of *Loungers* from that great Man (I think it was either *Plato* or *Socrates*) who after all his Study and Learning professed, That all he then knew was, that he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow Argument, and may be soon confuted.

I have with great Pains and Industry made my Observations, from Time to Time, upon these Sages; and having now all Materials ready, am compiling a Treatise, wherein I shall set forth the Rise and Progress of this

• this famous Sect, together with their Maxims, Austeri-
 • ties, Manner of living, &c. Having prevailed with a
 • Friend who designs shortly to publish a new Edition of
 • *Diogenes Laertius*, to add this Treatise of mine by way
 • of Supplement; I shall now, to let the World see what
 • may be expected from me (first begging Mr. SPECTA-
 • TOR's Leave that the World may see it) briefly touch
 • upon some of my chief Observations, and then subscribe
 • my self your humble Servant. In the first Place I shall
 • give you two or three of their Maxims: The funda-
 • mental one, upon which their whole System is built, is
 • this, *viz.* That Time being an implacable Enemy to
 • and Destroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own
 • Coin, and be destroyed and murdered without Mercy,
 • by all the Ways that can be invented. Another favou-
 • rite Saying of theirs is, That Business was designed only
 • for Knaves, and Study for Blockheads. A Third seems
 • to be a ludicrous one, but has a great Effect upon their
 • Lives; and is this, That the Devil is at Home. Now
 • for their Manner of Living: And here I have a large
 • Field to expatiate in; but I shall reserve Particulars for
 • my intended Discourse, and now only mention one or
 • two of their principal Exercises. The elder Proficients
 • employ themselves in inspecting *mores hominum multo-
 • rum*, in getting acquainted with all the Signs and Win-
 • dows in the Town. Some are arrived to so great Know-
 • ledge, that they can tell every time any Butcher kills a
 • Calf, every time an old Woman's Cat is in the Straw;
 • and a thousand other Matters as important. One ancient
 • Philosopher contemplates two or three Hours every
 • Day over a Sun-Dial; and is true to the Dial.

— *As the Dial to the Sun,
 Although it be not shone upon.*

• Our younger Students are content to carry their Spe-
 • culations as yet no farther than Bowling-Greens, Billi-
 • ard-Tables, and such like Places: This may serve for a
 • Sketch of my Design; in which I hope I shall have
 • your Encouragement. I am, S I R, Yours.

I must be so just as to observe I have formerly seen of
 this Sect at our other University; tho' not distinguished
 by

by the Appellation which the learned Historian, my Correspondent, reports they bear at *Cambridge*. They were ever looked upon as a People that impaired themselves more by their strict Application to the Rules of their Order, than any other Students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any further than to gain weak Eyes and sometimes Head-Aches; but these Philosophers are seized all over with a general Inability, Indolence, and Weariness, and a certain Impatience of the Place they are in, with an Heaviness in removing to another.

THE *Lowngers* are satisfied with being merely Part of the Number of Mankind, without distinguishing themselves from amongst them. They may be said rather to suffer their Time to pass, than to spend it, without Regard to the past, or Prospect of the future. All they know of Life is only the present Instant, and do not taste even that. When one of this Order happens to be a Man of Fortune, the Expence of his Time is transferred to his Coach and Horses, and his Life is to be measured by their Motion, not his own Enjoyments or Sufferings. The chief Entertainment one of these Philosophers can possibly propose to himself, is to get a Relish of Dress. This, methinks, might diversify the Person he is weary of (his own dear self) to himself. I have known these two Amusements make one of these Philosophers make a tolerable Figure in the World; with Variety of Dresses in publick Assemblies in Town, and quick Motion of his Horses out of it, now to *Bath*, now to *Tunbridge*, then to *New-Market*, and then to *London*, he has in Process of Time brought it to pass, that his Coach and his Horses have been mentioned in all those Places. When the *Lowngers* leave an Academick Life, and instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite World, retire to the Seats of their Ancestors, they usually join a Pack of Dogs, and employ their Days in defending their Poultry from Foxes: I do not know any other Method that any of this Order has ever taken to make a Noise in the World; but I shall inquire into such about this Town as have arrived at the Dignity of being *Lowngers* by the Force of natural Parts, without having ever seen an University; and send my Correspondent, for the Embellishment of his Book, the Names and History of those who pass their Lives

Lives without any Incidents at all; and how they shift Coffee-houses and Chocolate-houses from Hour to Hour, to get over the insupportable Labour of doing nothing. R

Nº 55.

Thursday, May 3.

Intus, & in jecore ægro
Nascuntur Domini



MOST of the Trades, Professions, and Ways of Living among Mankind, take their Original either from the Love of Pleasure, or the Fear of Want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As these two Principles of Action draw different Ways, *Perfius* has given us a very humourous Account of a young Fellow who was roused out of his Bed, in order to be sent upon a long Voyage by *Avarice*, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at Home by *Luxury*. I shall set down at length the Pleadings of these two imaginary Persons, as they are in the Original, with Mr. Dryden's Translation of them.

Manè, piger, stertis: surge inquit Avaritia; eja Surge. Negas. Instat, surge, inquit. Non queo. Surge. Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas ad-vehe Ponto, Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa. Tolle recens primus piper è sitiente camelo. Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter Audiet. Eheu! Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis. Jam pueris pellem succinctus & ænophorum aptas; Ocyus ad Navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vastâ Ægæum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria antè Seductum moneat; quò deinde insane, ruis? Quò? Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ? Tun' mare transilias? Tibi tortâ cannabe fulto Cæna sit in transtro? Veientanumque rubellum- Exhalet vapidâ læsum pite sessilis obba?

Quid